

Moon Club

The mysterious spot occurred, one
filled with bodies and a few flippy brains that
spoke of faraway places where drinks
were made of kaleidoscope coconut types, along
with establishment fine clothes & accoutrements provided
that shook scales of pretty much any
palette, anywhere.

Some say the place happened in a cool cloud over the coast, or
maybe a secret downtown spot where doors are
sparkle-sealed with illusions of flowers or
maybe even strange pink metal, because once inside all time instruments
dance from clocks and disappear, even wearing Moonstar
shoes from Antonio Vietri,
on occasion.

Wow.